# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1496.


## Choice Poetry.

### CONNECTICUT.

BY HUGH PETERS.

There's music in the gush of streams,
When winter leaves the land,
There's music in the April breeze,
Which, beautiful and bland,
Comes rushing from the far South-West
Towards the burning zone:—
They have such in *Connecticut*,
"My beautiful, my own."

There's music in the voice of birds,
Hailing the coming morn;—
There's music in the bleat of lambs,
And in the hunter's horn—
There's music "in the laugh of girls,"
A thrill in every tone,
Such girls as thine, *Connecticut*,
"My beautiful, my own."

They say there's music in the air,
Up in the deep blue sky—
Where angels pour, from golden harps,
Unearthly melody—
I used to think I heard it there,
When standing all alone,
At midnight, in *Connecticut*,
"My beautiful, my own."

The rushing wind which curls the sea
Has "music in its roar,"
And so has that which whistles through
The key-hole of my door;
And that which wreaths the hills with snow
Has music in its moan—
Those hills of thine, *Connecticut*,
"My beautiful, my own."

There's music in the deep low tones
Of holy men at prayer—
Which steals us from our worldliness,
Our miseries, our care;
Such prayers as oft are heard around
The hearth's pure altar stone
On Sundays, in *Connecticut*,
"My beautiful, my own."

There's music in the bosom of
The home-bound wanderer,
When first his eager glances spy
His boyhood's haunts, afar.
I hear such music, when in dreams,
All wearied and alone,
I visit thee, *Connecticut*,
"My beautiful, my own."

There's music, ay, in every thing,
On earth, or sea, or air;
The ocean's murmurings are hymns
The wind's low whispers, prayer—
And these from shore and hill I've heard
Go up to God's high throne,
In thy fair land, *Connecticut*,
"My beautiful, my own."

## Pictures of Life.

# EVELYN VILLARS;

OR,

A COUNTRY NEIGHBORHOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ISABEL DENISON."

### CHAPTER I.

They grew in beauty side by side.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

"How do you do, Mrs. Villars?" said Mrs. Melville, rising to receive a morning visitor; "this is really kind. I did not know that you were come back from Brighton."

"We only came back last night, but I came to see how you all were."

"Thank you, all quite well. This is really kind. And how did you get on at Brighton?"—Mrs. Melville hurriedly ran through a list of questions, as, who was there, whether it was empty or full, if the sun had been hot, and whether or not she and Evelyn and Mr. Villars had bathed, or taken warm baths, to all of which satisfactory answers were given.

"And where is Evelyn? why have you not brought her? Clarice is breaking her heart to see her again."

"I was not able to let you see Evelyn this morning," replied Mrs. Villars, hesitatingly; "but I assure you she is no less anxious to see Clarice again."

"Ah, yes, I dare say; they are very fond of each other, but Clarice is sadly impatient—she is so very tender-hearted."

"So is Evelyn—so very tender-hearted—it quite makes me anxious, sometimes, so unusual in a child of her age. I assure you, she cries so dreadfully if the least thing affects her—parting from Clarice or from her father, or if she sees a very poor person, that it is quite painful to see—so very tender-hearted."

"That is just like Clarice—she cries—that is to say"—for Mrs. Melville's conscience smote her that she was what schoolboys call bouncing, as Clarice rarely, very rarely cried—"if she does not it is because—poor little thing—she knows it is so very painful to me to see, that she conquers herself, but the tears stand in her pretty eyes like dew-drops. There she goes," as a childish voice was heard outside the door. "Clarice, come in, and speak to Mrs. Villars."

A little girl of six or seven years old came into the room. She was very fair and very beautiful, and she went up to Mrs. Villars with a quietness and self-possession unusual in so young a child. Mrs. Villars looked at her with a criticizing air, then kissed her. The little girl looked up in her face.

"Is Evelyn ill? why is she not here?"

"She is quite well, thank you," said Mrs.

[...]

"So I perceive," said Mrs. Melville; "it is a very anxious time, it is such a chance how the second teeth come."

"You appear to forget that Clarice must also lose her teeth."

"Oh, no! but I have no fears for Clarice; *her* mouth is so beautifully formed. I took her to see Cartwright, last year, in London, and he said he never remembered having examined so perfect a mouth."

"That is just what Walker at Brighton, said of Evelyn. I assure you, I am not the least uneasy."

"Oh, no, I dare say there is no reason, only Evelyn shows her teeth a good deal, which makes it important, but I have no doubt the new ones will be quite straight."

Mrs. Villars could not quite recover her equanimity, and soon rose to go.

"Must you go?" said Mrs. Melville; "this is but a shabby visit, but I hope we shall soon meet again. Clarice will break her heart if she does not see more of Evelyn, she is so affectionate, poor little thing." As she spoke, Mrs. Melville threw open the drawing-room window. "Annette, send the young ladies home directly. Mrs. Villars can not stay."

As Evelyn came in, she again rushed up to her mother. "I'm sure, I'm very sorry, mamma, but Clarice says she does not care about my teeth, a bit—and do you know, she says she is sure she shall soon lose hers, for one is quite, quite loose."

"My dear Clarice, said Mrs. Melville, anxiously, "come here; you never mentioned this."

The statement of the little girl proved on inspection to be correct; one of her front teeth was very loose. This restored Mrs. Villars to good-humor. She was most cordial in her farewell, most pressing in her entreaties to Mrs. Melville to pay her an early visit at Wilmington. "Evelyn will have no peace till she sees Clarice again," was her concluding remark, as she paused with her hand upon the door; "she is so affectionate, poor little thing—it is quite remarkable in so young a child."

The above conversation is but a specimen; one among the many which took place during the childhood of Clarice Melville and Evelyn Villars. Born within a few miles, and within a few weeks of each other, only children, and exceedingly lovely, their rivalry began before they were many months old, and was steadily carried on during thirteen years.

Mrs. Villars and Mrs. Melville were fond mothers, there is no doubt; but there is also no doubt that the affection of each was increased tenfold by the circumstances in which they were placed—the desire of each parent that her own child should outshine the other, so riveting their attention upon one object, that their minds were incapable of admitting any other. Their rivalship continually brought them to the brink of a separation, and total breach of friendship, for Mrs. Villars was hot-tempered, and, as Mrs. Melville had early taken the line of superiority in Clarice's very perfect style of beauty, the former lady was

[...]

## Our Portrait Gallery.

### MR. GEORGE ROBINS.

If the honorable attainment of pre-eminence in any walk of life evinces superior merit and ability, surely, the subject of this brief notice, Mr. George Robins, the celebrated London auctioneer, deserves especial commendation; for, in the arduous occupation to which he so long devoted his energies, he stood, confessedly, in the foremost rank.

Mr. Robins began to wield the hammer before he had attained the age of nineteen; for, whilst attending a large sale in Yorkshire, he was unexpectedly called upon to act for his father, who, from indisposition, was unable to officiate. From that time until recently, during a period of fifty years, he enjoyed the uninterrupted good opinion of the public: perhaps no man ever boasted of a more extraordinary catalogue of business, the most extensive estates in Great Britain, as well as in all parts of the globe, having passed through his hands. The wonderful skill and tact with which every advantage connected with the property he had to describe was seized upon and turned to profit in his glowing descriptions, and his ready wit and *repartee* in the rostrum, are well known. His announcements were unlike those of any of his contemporaries: they were highly colored, graphic, and often clever, and that they were his own productions there is ample reason to believe. Overwrought as they were, he has been heard to say in no instance was ever a purchase repudiated on the ground of mis-description, whilst in many cases bargains to a heavy amount have been made by persons who had never seen or heard of the estate when they entered the auction room, but were overcome by his persuasive eloquence.

Perhaps no man in his station was more courted by his superiors, by whom his manly, straightforward conduct was appreciated, his advice often sought; and amongst the men of his day he was always welcome. The description of a dinner given by him to Lord Byron is recorded by Moore; when Lord Kinnaird and his brother, Sheridan, Colman, John Kemble, and other eminent men were present.

In his private life he was strictly a domestic man, always ready to do good and to succor the distressed. He left a widow and seven young children, which his exertions enabled him to provide for in an ample manner.

[...]

little Juliet Harcourt, who was still confined to her room.

The little girl was lying on the sofa, and deeply engaged in drawing, for which she had a peculiar and natural talent. There was something about her which was painful to see. She was beautiful—but it was a saddening beauty. The transparent fairness of her complexion, through which every vein was discernible, the brightness of her

[...]

early, and married unhappily. Though a young man of good sense, good feeling, and good principle, none of these good qualities had prevented his being led away, by a foolish, passing fancy.—Blinded by the beauty of a young Italian girl, whom he met with accidentally in his travels, he married her after an acquaintance of three weeks, and he repented of it for life.

Mrs. Harcourt was beautiful, and not without

[...]

quiet—as different in every body else. I always fancy the angels must be like that, and she always gave me the feeling as if she hardly belonged to this world."

"Well, you have described her pretty well, Evelyn. She is unlike everybody I ever met—so. Too cold and lady looking at last sight, if you must have it."

"Oh, you like her, Henry?" again inquired Evelyn.

"He asked a great deal about you. It was the only subject which seemed to excite her."

"Dear Clarice! How very nice! I wonder if I shall ever see her again? Is there any chance of her coming back to England?"

"No—she said she had given up all hope of it. Mr. Melville has become used to Rome now. He has taken to antiquities and geology, and all that sort of thing; and Miss Melville says she thinks he is happier than he was in England."

"And what does Clarice do?"

"She paints in oil and water colors, and draws in chalks, and goes to the Galleries to copy pictures, and she plays quite beautifully. Oh, she's very accomplished and very clever! She beats you, Evelyn, out and out."

"Ah, I dare say! I'm not very clever, I am afraid, though papa does say that my writing is rather nice sometimes. Did you like Clarice, Henry?" asked Evelyn, as the last words, in tones unconscious that there had been an appearance of evoking the question.

"I don't know. Quite opposite ones, to answered Henry, after a moment's thought. "To my mind, she is cold and unsympathetic. But most women are. Perhaps that might come into your character of an angel."

"Oh, no, not heartless!—Clarice is not heartless—very quiet, generally; so quiet, it makes one feel quite strange with her, but not heartless. I never shall forget her the day before she sailed! To see her on returning from Italy, in her room, crying so dreadfully—it quite frightened me."

"People may feel such a very natural thing as leaving the home of their childhood forever, and yet be heartless in general. However, I dare say you are right; Miss Melville may be a saint or an angel, or whatever you please to call it, and she has no feeling."

"I can affirm you don't like her," said Evelyn, examining Henry Egerton's face.

"Now, do look at Miss Lee's work—what can she be talking about? Poor Mr. Harcourt looks quite pale, with that woman's tongue, and how she studies! Do let us go and relieve him, Evelyn."

Evelyn was not very clear-sighted, and the previous nature of Miss Melville's heartlessness escaped her. In fact, to her, all the "stories" of love and lovers were as a passing dream, and no more. She occasionally thought how nice it would be somebody to be attending to her all day long; the compliment, too, of having married a man in love with her, she thought, would be, to use her favorite expression, "very nice;" for she certainly had an intuitive horror for peace and tranquillity, but these were only occasional passing thoughts. Like a child, she still lived in the full enjoyment and satisfaction of the present moment. For the same reason, Bob Lee's constant hints about "catching" passed unperceived over her mind.—Of the devices sometimes practiced by match-making, she had scarcely heard, and, if she did read or hear of them, it seemed to her so unnatural, that she did not think about it. For herself, her idea of matrimony was this: some day, perhaps, she rather hoped somewhere "afar" would join her very much, indeed, and if they did, why then she thought it was most likely that she should like them; and then, she supposed, people married.

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## Leaves from History.

### THRILLING STORY OF THE HUNGARIAN WAR.

From a volume entered in our list of new publications,—"Scenes of the Civil War in Hungary, by an Austrian Officer,"—we take the following tragic story, showing the devotion of the Hungarians, of both sexes, to the cause of their country. We must premise that the Austrian party under the writer's command, was largely composed of men in Hungarian manner.

At the tramp of hoofs and the clash of swords, the perch door opened, and an old man, a kind of steward, followed by servants with great lanterns, came towards us asking who we were, and what was our errand. I replied that I was an officer of the Emperor and King, belonging to the army of the East, and requested, in the first place, to be conducted to the master of the mansion. The man obeyed, though with some reluctance, and led me into a spacious hall, which, by the dim light of a lamp, appeared to be a sort of museum of hall. Large pictures were hung upon the walls, and between them swords, muskets, old armor, and arms of all kinds.

Here the custodian bade me wait while he went to announce me, and I awaited myself at the moment to take off my cloak, to set my hair to rights a little, to frame my former close observation, to in my sash properly; in short, to make myself as smart as I could. The old man presently came back, conducted me along a corridor, and then opened the folding doors of an apartment, whence issued a beautiful light of lamps.

Count Sandorffi, I entered the apartment, which was most elegantly fitted up, where a lady, handsome lady received me with a polite, but proud obeisance. I was preparing to introduce myself, and to apologize for my unbidden visit, when she extended her hand to me with the kind reclamation of joy:

"Ah, Baron W——!"

I now recognized her. It was the Countess H——, the Miss beauty, the wife of my old comrade. We—we were of my life in Bologna, and who, after his marriage with the fair Marchesa B——, had obtained leave to resign, and retired to his dwelling in Hungary; and I now found myself, without having suspected it in his manner.

Being called by his wife, he made his appearance immediately, and essential our coming. When he was still, as he ever had been, Maggyar, with body and soul; and held for Deakky that he could not be a good citizen of Hungary, but he had not restrained by the solemn idea of being obliged to fight against his former comrades; but he assured me that he would yet do so.

I answered that we should not lack of political matters, but rather think of old times; and his wife appeared the suggestion. By-and-bye came his sister, the young Countess Melitta—a most beautiful Hungarian female I had ever seen; and that as saying a great deal.

M—— gave me his word of honor that we were perfectly safe from any surprise by the volunteers, and my men abundantly supplied with wine and meat; and, while they made themselves commendable amends, I found myself in Paradise, between two beautiful and amiable females, opposite to a friend whom I had not seen for a long time, and before a glass of exquisite tokay. All weariness vanished, and we spent and laughed half the night, talking of Rome and Kossuth, and our national interest.

Two days I rested at M——'s mansion, as a little respite was highly necessitate for both men and horses. The eyes of the Countess Rosine had gone to be dangerous to me; but upon oath the soldier has no abiding questions. On the third morning, when I was with my Hyp, I pressed M——— in my breast, kissed the cheek of his wife and his sister, the latter declared a vow but for me as a keepsake, my trumpeter mounted to horse, and away we went.

When next they meet, it is under different circumstances.

We had—as we so often have had—a serious engagement with the Magyars, in which there were, on both sides, at least ten or twelve thousand men in all. On this occasion the enemy, again and a numerous and excellent light cavalry, and had the skill to engage it on ground favorable for himself, so that our infantry was repeatedly exposed to the most violent attacks, and had the greatest difficulty to resist them.

The numbers in particular, of very well organized and disciplined Hussars, distinguished themselves by their intense ardour on the Croatian infantry battalions, and could at last not be compelled to retreat but by serious derangement of ranks, which soon finally turned to a total rout.

The leader of this corps, a man of tall, elegant figure, in the rich dress of a magnate, mounted on a superb, spirited gray charger, which he managed with great dexterity, was distinguishable as always calling on his men, and leading them once against our infantry. He galloped to and fro with an ease in movement, as if the balls whizzing around him were not inevitable, continually encouraging his gesticulating voice.

The fate of the latter seemed to be well known to me; but I could not distinguish his features, as we were drawn up in row of our lines of infantry, at the distance of some hundred paces from him.

Twice he had escaped, unhurt, the fire of our infantry; when, as I have already mentioned, some guns, which had been brought up, began to fire with grape. His moment not to heed the dust discharge; for I saw him, still hard and unmoved as ever, gauging about at the head of his men. The second volley must have slumped her; for when the smoke cleared off, I could perceive horse and rider on the ground.

At the same moment we received the signal for charging. The ranks of our infantry suddenly opened, to let us pass through, and we advanced at full gallop upon the enemy's horse. These at first entered precipitately, to get beyond the range of our cannon; then formed above or below a wood, and came down upon us in close order, in which most in engaged hand to hand with men.

It was nearly dark when, with my troop, some of whose men had fallen, others severely wounded, I reached the main body. Scarcely had we ceased, that, until then, almost in a stunned manner myself by the watch-fire, led with the men of horses which had been pulled down, when an infantry soldier, supported to hospital duty, came to inform me that an officer of the insurgents, dangerously wounded and taken prisoner, having asked to speak to me.

In spite of fatigue, I considerably delivered my guide to the bonfire-flame, which was fitter for an hospital. Dismal was the appearance of this dark, low room, scarcely lighted by the hazy lanterns of the surgeons and attendants, who, with their blood-stripped sleeves tucked up high, and with aprons equally bloody, were busily engaged. The wounded lay close to one another upon dirty straw, which, in places was quite wet and slippery from the gore of human beings. Loud sighs, moans, groans, gnashing of teeth, mingled at times with curses, in the Bohemian, Polish, Hungarian, Germans, and Croatian languages. I was obliged to call my courage, lest I should be scared back.

In the farthest corner of the long building, on straw, though pale as death, and very sinking in rather nice sometimes. Did you like Clarice, Henry?" asked Evelyn, as the last words, totally unconscious that there had been an appearance of evoking the question.

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HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859.


ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

### TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will open their letters and get a large Club for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to speak to us. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it contains more matter.

Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a Post sheet paper, as on the smallest and poorest of the small reprints.*

### NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their Paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed, and also the name of the Post Office they now receive it at.

The following letters to us should be carefully to give the name of the State as well as to the town in which they live.

Persons writing to us on matters relating to Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to our address when they can do so conveniently.

### EVELYN VILLARS;

OR,

### A COUNTRY NEIGHBORHOOD.

We begin this week the publication of a novelet with the above title, by the author of "Ione," "Lucy Sandford," &c., and we have much satisfaction in our readers. It deepens in interest as it proceeds.

Now subscribers wishing to obtain this novelet, will please send on their names as early as possible, as it is our wish that we shall be able to supply all the demands for back numbers of the stories which may arise. Persons desiring to begin subscribing for a weekly paper, will find no better time than the present to begin, and no better paper to subscribe for, as the novelet will add much to our opinion, and we ought to know.

### ENGLISH POLICY.

One of our contemporaries, in commenting upon an article from the London Times, says that it is unworthy of the Post, which ought to be above catering to the vulgar and stupid prejudices of the multitude, which pervades among the entire classes of our people.

Without taking exception, which we might justly do, to the material misconception we make of the above paragraph, we may simply remark that, the London Times proves that Great Britain, has however superior to other European nations, in political wisdom, and sufficiently large that the men are disposed to imagine that we have not come to go into a long argument upon the subject, and we refer to the Opinion of the Times, of China, the various English wars in the East Indies, and the enactment of laws to put down slavery in our opinions of Great Britain, we cater to no "vulgar and stupid prejudice." But we are the facts of our own day—they cannot be excused by the plea that they occurred in those "times of which we have not the light"—they are the very object of the war with China? To open the ports of the Celestial Empire to the free ingress of England. What have been the objects of the various wars in the East Indies? To extend and consolidate the possessions of England. What has been the treatment of Ireland? Has not that unhappy country been governed by the sword, the object being to draw as much money as possible from it, and to keep it in a state of subjection? Has not the treatment of Ireland been the most impolitic, and offensive kind that were ever disposed to imagine that we have

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1850.


SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.


## A JUST REPLY.

Mr. Calhoun, in the course of his recent speech in the Senate (read by Mr. Mason), made use of the following singular language in relation to the United States:

"What was once a Constitutional Federal Republic, is now converted in reality into one as absolute as that of the Autocrat of Russia, and as despotic in its tendency as any absolute Government that ever existed."

In reference to this extraordinary charge, Mr. Cass recently spoke as follows:

"We lose all our confidence in the force of language, and in the authority of years and intellect, when such extravagant assertions are presented to us. Is there a man in this broad land, who does not know, and feel instinctively, that he is free? And yet he is told seriously—not in an extemporaneous debate, such as we are now engaged in, when no man should be held to a rigid accountability for his expressions—but in a prepared speech, written and printed before its delivery, and laid upon our tables immediately after—and I believe, sent through all parts of our country cotemporaneously—we are told, I say, that this is the most despotic Government on the face of the earth! And who tells us so? One of the most distinguished men of this country—a man who has rendered her important services, and occupied high places in her councils, for more than one-third of a century—possessing the highest intellect and unspotted integrity, and who has won a world-like reputation! What will be thought and said of this in Europe—in Republican Europe—in Monarchical Europe? Why, sir, it is on its way to Siberia already. It will be transferred into every paper on the Eastern Continent, and even the Siberian will be admonished, that he lives under a paternal Government far better than that Despotic Democracy, nicknamed the Pattern Republic, on the other shore of the Atlantic—thus characterized by one of its most renowned citizens and highest officers. All this does serious injury to the cause of freedom throughout the world. Out of our own mouths we are condemned. Let an American go to Europe, and if he come back, and does not say that this is not the worst Government on earth—nay, if he does not say it is the best—let his countrymen distrust him. His head or heart is wrong—probably both. Another word, and I abandon this topic.

"Mr. President, I am going to give one proof—one irrefragible proof, that will not be contradicted, and which, indeed, admits of no contradiction—that this, instead of being the most despotic, is the freest Government in the world. I ask every one in the Senate Chamber, actor or auditor, whether under any other Government now in existence—be it a Constitutional Monarchy, an Aristocracy, a Democracy, or a Despotism—if such a speech as that we heard from the Senator from South Carolina, could be delivered with impunity? That is the question I ask. Go to Europe, to Asia, to Africa, for an answer, if you need one. He who should make such an experiment in St. Petersburg, would find himself on the road to Siberia in half an hour, and in Constantinople, he would find the bow-string around his neck in the same time. In England, it would send him to Australia, where many a good man has been transported for language less significant. There is not a country on the face of the earth, where a man could make such a speech with impunity. I thank God that this is so, and that a man may say here what he pleases, and as he pleases. He may assail the Government with perfect safety, its principles, its practices, and its tendencies, and there is no one to make him afraid. All this but provokes investigation, and the more our institutions are investigated, the stronger will they become in the hearts of the people, who will continue to love the Government, which has given them a greater measure of prosperity than any other people ever enjoyed, and will support and defend it against all assaults. Such sentiments never struck my ear before in this high place, and I trust I may never hear them again."

[COMMUNICATED.]

## MEETING OF WOMEN.

The Annual meeting of the *Rosine Association for the reformation, employment and instruction of females who have led immoral lives*, will be held at the lecture room of the Museum building, (entrance on George street,) on 5th day, (Thursday,) April 4th, at 3½ o'clock, P. M.

Women of all denominations are invited to attend, and become acquainted with the proceedings of the society.

We hope they will not turn a deaf ear to our appeal, that those who have been surrounded by pure and kindly influences, whose childhood, youth, and maturity have been watched over by anxious, loving hearts, will not idly cast aside the claims of those, their sisters, who are striving to emerge from darkness into the light of day,—to rise from the pit of degradation and crime into which they have fallen, and become virtuous and useful members of the society in which they live.

*Housekeepers* are informed that in consequence of the numerous applications of *virtuous women* for homes and employment, the Society, a year since, opened an Intelligence Office for women and children at the Institution No. 204 North Eighth Street. During that time they have procured situations for upwards of four hundred respectable women. We hope our friends, in both city and country, will remember our office when they have occasion to change domestics. We have more applicants than we can provide with situations.

Individuals and families can have tailoring, dress-making, and plain-sewing done at the Institution. *Ladies* are taught *dress-cutting* by a lady *in the parlor* of the Institution. Dress scales for sale.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 142—adults 60, and children 82.

# Congressional News.

## THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

### SENATE.

On the 19th, the Senate resumed the consideration of Mr. Clay's compromise resolutions. Mr. Badger on the floor.

Mr. Badger expressed his decided preference for the extension of the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific. As to the Wilmot Proviso, even granting the power of Congress to pass it, it was highly reprehensible and useless. He thought that if an adequate measure for the arrest and return of fugitive slaves be passed and the Proviso be dropped, all the pending difficulties might be settled permanently and with satisfaction to all.

He was not opposed to compromises. The Union itself sprung out of compromise. In this spirit he was willing to withdraw all objection to the admission of California, either with or without modification of her boundaries, and this on his part was yielding much. Let the North, he said, drop the odious Proviso—let it cease to have any immortality for mischief—let it give to the South a measure of security in their property, and then admit California. If they desired also to abolish the foreign slave trade in the District of Columbia, let them abolish it. His vote, and that of his colleague, would be given in aid of such a measure.

Mr. Cass wanted to know of Mr. Badger whether he designed to be understood as proposing the extension of the Missouri Compromise line.

Mr. Badger replied in the negative. He had expressly said that that line would not be extended, though he would be willing to vote for it.

Mr. Hale next addressed the Senate in reply to Mr. Calhoun, especially with reference to the ...

# General News.

Texas for the Union.—The Legislature of Texas (almost unanimously, we believe,) recommended that delegates be sent by the people to the Nashville Convention. We have now some of the returns. Four candidates for each of the Congressional Districts were recommended by the Legislature. In Galveston city and county, the people refused to vote at all on the subject. The Galveston Journal, of the 8th, remarks upon the subject:

We have no doubt that the recommendation law, or whatever else it may be termed, passed by our Legislature upon the heel of an adjournment, relative to this matter, will meet with just such a rebuke throughout the entire State.

At Houston city, 7 votes were cast for the Convention, and 165 against it. In Harris county, 302 votes were polled; four delegates received each *one* vote, and there were, besides, six other votes in favor of a Convention, but naming no delegates, and 295 votes were "*no Convention, no Disunion.*"

The candidates named for the Eastern District, are Judge John T. Mills, Col. C. C. Mills, Gen. J. P. Henderson, and J. Davis, of Liberty; for the Western District, H. G. Brewnly, James Mayfield, Hamilton Bee, and another whose name we do not see mentioned in our exchanges. Col. C. C. Mills, who is voted for in the Eastern Dis- ...

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Only two of the promised Novelets for 1850 having yet been published, the Proprietors of the POST would call attention to the following, which are yet to come:—

**THE BAYMOUNTS:** A Novelet, by MISS LESLIE; author of "Mrs. Washington Potts," &c., &c.

**THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING, A TALE OF WESTERN LIFE:** A Novelet, by MRS. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

**THE BELLE AND THE BLUE:** A Novelet, by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "The Mob Cap," "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," &c.

When the above list has been gone through with, **OTHERS EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE WILL FOLLOW**, the Proprietors of the POST being determined not to be surpassed in this department by any cotemporary.

We have also made arrangements with GRACE GREENWOOD, for a NEW SERIES of her spirited and interesting LETTERS, during the coming year.

But the columns of the POST are not for fiction (however instructive and impressive) alone. We shall continue to devote a large portion of the paper to more

### SOLID AND SUBSTANTIAL READING,

such as is calculated to improve and inform the intellect, and to ennoble and purify the heart.—Whatever is best in the pages of the foreign and domestic magazines and reviews, shall be laid under contribution to inform and enlighten our readers.

### THE NEWS OF THE DAY

shall also be, as heretofore, carefully sifted, and what is important treasured in our columns.

Matters of interest to business men—

### A BANK NOTE LIST, A STOCK LIST, THE MARKETS, &C.,

shall be weekly laid before them.

For the *FARMER*, a dozen agricultural periodicals are carefully searched, and the best matter selected for

### OUR AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

One or more *PORTRAITS* of remarkable persons, or *PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES* are also weekly given.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-eight years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now perhaps the *largest list* of subscribers of any weekly paper in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by *any* rival. The *increase* alone of our subscription list last year, is equal to the *whole circulation* of many of our imitators.

### TERMS.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office.

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| 4 COPIES, | | $5.00 | PER ANNUM. |
| 8 " | (And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.) | $10.00 | " |
| 13 " | (And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.) | $15.00 | " |
| 20 " | (And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.) | $20.00 | " |

ONE COPY of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, or Sartain's Magazine, for FOUR DOLLARS.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.—When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, *always post-paid*,

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, *post-paid*.


## "GRAHAM!"

## THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNION!!

## GLORIOUS VOLUME OF GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

### COMMENCING WITH THE JULY NUMBER.

THE Original Projector and Proprietor of Graham's Magazine, having again assumed the entire management of this favorite periodical, purposes to commence a new volume of

### UNRIVALLED EXCELLENCE,

with the number for JULY. The early copies will be

### READY FOR THE MAILS, ON JUNE THE SIXTH.

and will be illustrated with

*THE MOST SPLENDID SET OF ENGRAVINGS THAT HAVE EVER APPEARED IN AN AMERICAN WORK.*

### WE DEFY THE PROUDEST ENGLISH ANNUALS

to excel in magnificence these beautiful specimens of artistic skill.

### THE PARIS FASHIONS,

colored in the unapproachable style of the French artists, will be resumed, and will represent correctly the elegant goods forwarded to this country to Messrs. L. J. LEVY & Co., of Philadelphia, and STEWART, of New York. The evidence of their authenticity will be found upon the counters of these gentlemen, simultaneously with the monthly publication of **GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE**. Extensive arrangements—with the concurrence of these gentlemen, are now being made in Paris, to forward promptly these correct and elegant plates, which will be a department of **GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE**, that will set at defiance all attempts at imitation or competition.

Our former

### LIST OF INVALUABLE CONTRIBUTORS,

are re-engaged, and arrangements are perfected for a series of most splendid articles, from such writers as the following—

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| HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, | H. C. MOREHEAD, |
| W. GILMORE SIMMS, | HENRY B. HIRST, |
| JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, | J. BAYARD TAYLOR, |
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| AMELIA B. WELBY, | MRS. SARAH H. WHITMAN, |
| MRS. JULIET H. CAMPBELL, | MISS MARY L. LAWSON. |

With a host more of the very best writers of the day, well known to the readers of "Graham." A number of new contributors will also lend the power of fresh pens and vigorous mind to assist in making this Magazine *the recognised organ* of the intellect of the country.

### SPLENDID PORTRAIT OF JENNY LIND.

A magnificent likeness of this world renowned woman, will appear in the July number. This gem of art is engraved from an original picture, and cost *one hundred guineas*, in *London*, to have it engraved. It is the *most exquisite picture that has ever appeared in Graham's Magazine*. The number containing this exquisite production of artistic skill will be stereotyped, and an extra edition of 10,000 copies printed.

### A GREAT CHANCE FOR THREE DOLLAR SUBSCRIBERS.

We will send three dollar subscribers, to the new volume, to commence with the July number, a very splendid new premium plate, called

"THE FIRST PRAYER,"

Or, Butler's magnificent print of

"CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN,"

just finished, in a very masterly style—a large Cabinet Picture.

Five dollars will pay for two years, or for two subscribers one year.
Ten dollars sent by clubs to one address, five copies.
Twenty dollars sent by clubs to one address, eleven copies.

*** Editors who may wish an exchange, will please notice, and send the paper, containing it, marked.—The numbers will be promptly forwarded. Our editorial friends may rely upon the exact fulfilment of our promise.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM,
No. 134 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

mar 30-3t

TO TAILORS.—S. A. & A. F. WARD'S Spring Report of Fashions and Picture Sheet is about being issued. Ward's system is so well known, and so far famed, for accuracy and simplicity, that additional recommendations are superfluous.

It is adapted to the requirements of the trade in youth, being easily learned, and a safe guide. In middle age being readily and safely varied to produce every variety of taste or style, and in age, the Tailor who follows the diagrams, as published from time to time, will never lose his customers on account of his antiquated style of cutting.

The picture sheet is second to *none* in point of execution, it is pronounced the handsomest plate, of the kind, offered to the trade this season.

Terms, $5.00 per year, for subscription to the Reports of Fashion with Uncolored Plates, or $6.00 per year with Colored Plates. mar23 ...

*Office, No. 62 Walnut St., below 3d St., Philada.*

N. B.—Harrison's Patent Shears, &c., and other implements of the trade at the lowest prices.

SLEEPER & FENNER.

Manufacturers of

UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS,

No. 126 Market Street, corner of Fourth Street,

PHILADELPHIA,

RESPECTFULLY beg to call the attention of the merchants of the United States to their establishment in this city. THEY ARE THE MOST EXTENSIVE MANUFACTURERS IN THE UNITED STATES, and have obtained this pre-eminence by

THE SUPERIORITY OF THEIR MANUFACTURES.

And the Comparatively Low Price at which they have supplied their numerous customers.

They take this opportunity to return sincere thanks to their friends, whose discrimination in favor of their Umbrellas and Parasols, have placed them in their present position, and hope they have found this preference mutually advantageous.

They beg to make a respectful application to those merchants who have not yet favored them with their orders, and to solicit a call when they visit the city, or if not coming to Philadelphia, and they will confide an ...

THE PHILADELPHIA CHEAP BOOK STORE.

"Small Profits and Quick Returns."

## Selected Poetry.

### THE MILL-MAID.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Now comb her golden hair away;
Meekly and sorrow-laden
She waited for the closing day—
Poor broken-hearted maiden!
The ring from off her finger slip,
And fold her hands together;
No more love's music on her lip
Will tremble like a feather.

Each Sabbath-time along the aisle
Her step more faintly sounded,
The light grew paler in her smile,
Her cheek less softly rounded;
But never sank we in despair
Till with that fearful crying,
"The mill-maid of the golden hair
And lily hand is dying!"

When the dim shadows of the birch
Above her rest are swaying,
The pastor of the village church
Shall bless the place with praying;
Deeming the voiceless sacrifice
A loved and lovely blossom,
Blown by the winds of Paradise
To Jesus' folding bosom.

The mill-wheel for a day is still,
The spindle ceased its plying,
The little homestead on the hill,
Looks sadder for her dying;
But ere the third time in the spire
The Sabbath Bell is ringing,
Not one of all the village choir
Will miss the mill-maid's singing.

FROM THE PLACER TIMES, SACRAMENTO CITY.

### TO ——.

BY STEPHEN C. MASSETT.

Oh! lady, take these buds and flowers
And twine them in thy nut-brown hair,
And I will weave for thee a wreath
[illegible]

## Selected Tale.

### THE DARKENED CASEMENT.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

[illegible]

caped from her pretty muslin cap, … ing over her neck and bosom—then … he saw peering through it, two misch[ievous] eyes—a pair of bright, parted lips—a … dimpled little face—yes, caught hi[s] … his infant boy through a veil of the … tiful hair. Then, with a light la[ugh] … down, and clasped them both, calling … and in a moment, seemed to hold all … arms.

CHAPTER II.

"I see her now—I kneel—I shriek—
I clasp her vesture—but she fades, sti[ll] …
And she is gone; sweet human love i[s] …
'Tis only when they spring to heaven …
Reveal themselves to you."

From that time the voyages of Ca[ptain Preston] were not so long as formerly, and … many months, sometimes a year or … family. He frequently spoke of re[linquishing a sea]faring life altogether, but was ev[er] … that he was not yet in a situation … step a prudent one for his busines[s] … Finally, when he had been about … married, he set out on what he inten[ded] … mined his family should be his last … was at this time the father of three … son, of whom we have spoken, a h[andsome] … spirited boy, and two daughters, … Louise—the first greatly resemblin[g] … the second very like the mother.

Captain Preston was pained to lea[ve his] wife looking paler and more thin th[an] … to observe, for she said nothing of it … troubled with a slight cough. Yo[ung and of a] most hopeful spirit, and even as he … voice, and saw her faint smile, so … than tears, he trusted that the co[ming] … would bring her health, and more c[heer] …

Mrs. Preston had usually a rema[rkable control] over her painful emotions, and w[as] … calm in all seasons of trial; but … she clung long and closely about … neck—it seemed that she could not … She buried her face in his bosom …

[illegible]

CHAPTER III.

THE LETTER.

[illegible]

## Wit and Humor.

### HOW TO RIDE INTO A PRACTICE.

When a man and his horse differ seriously in public, and the man feels the horse has the best of it, it is wise for the man to appear to accommodate his views to those of the horse rather than risk a defeat. It is best to let the horse go his way—and pretend it is yours. There is no secret so close as that between a rider and his horse.

We know a young dumpling-shaped doctor, at Edmonton, who rode himself into a considerable practice, by being seen flying about the country in all directions, on a run-away tit that he had bought at Tattersall's on the strength of its having no mouth.

"This is lot 34," said Tat, as a wiry and sprig-tailed bay came wincing and hitching up to the hammer, looking sideways to see who she might kick at; "a bay mare, six years old, a capital hack, has carried a lady, and has no mouth. What will any gentleman give for the bay?—forty guineas?—forty guineas?—thirty guineas?—twenty guineas?—ten?" and having got down to that sum without even an eye being turned upon him, and having given her the usual flourish down the yard, he commenced running her up, so as to restore her handsomely to the stable. "Ten guineas bid," said he; "eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen—fourteen—fifteen."

[illegible]

## Science and Art.

[illegible]

## Selected Articles.

### DISTINCTIONS IN ETIQUETTE.

[illegible]

### STORY OF AN ALBATROS.

[illegible]

## The Olio.

[illegible]

### THE LION-HAUNTED.

[illegible]

### SUCH IS LIFE.

[illegible]

## For Housekeepers.

[illegible]

## The Riddler.

### ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

[illegible]

### RIDDLE.

[illegible]

### ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

[illegible]

### CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

[illegible]

## Agricultural.

### SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

Mr. Randall, in his unequalled work on sheep husbandry, tells us that "the grazing lands of New York, cut up as they are into small farms (not averaging in his judgment, more than one hundred and thirty acres each,) are worth from $15 to $30 an acre. Prime sheep lands will average about $20," and yet on these lands, he says, "A gentleman who has been one of the most successful feeders of cattle and sheep in this State (P. N. Rust, Esq., of Syracuse,) recently remarked to me, that he had *invariably found that sheep paid better for feeding than cattle*." Mr. Randall estimates the profit of wool growing in New York, on lands worth $20 an acre, at 20 per cent. over and above all expenses; and yet he sets down these at 27½ cents per pound of wool, where the fleeces do not exceed three pounds. There are, he says, "two or three other considerations highly favorable for the raising of sheep. But our remarks are running to a length that compels us to content ourself for the present with a short extract, invoking the attention of those who are deterred by the fear of dogs (if we must continue to submit forever to that reproach on the character of the State) to his remark, that die when or how it may, the grown sheep "*never dies insolvent!*"

"The risk, by death, by ordinary causes, is nothing. …

[illegible]

### WORK IN THE GARDEN.

[illegible]

## AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

Draining.—If you have marshes that afford nothing, in the shape of vegetation, but coarse wild grasses, drain them, if their grades admit of that operation. By so doing, you will be able to convert them into fertile arable lands, capable of yielding better crops than any other part of your farm; but, independent of this great good, you will cut off the sources of marsh miasma, and thereby get rid of the cause of autumnal fevers, render your place healthy, and consequently increase its value in the market, should you feel disposed to sell it. All such marsh lands, when drained and rendered dry, should be limed with 100 bushels of lime per acre, or have double that quantity of marl applied to them, for the threefold purpose of neutralizing the acids in the soil, of converting the vegetable matter into the food of plants, and for the promotion of health.

A Horse's Opinion of Plank Roads.—The North Carolinian tells the following anecdote of an old farmer, of that region, who had tried the plank road:

"He was at first much opposed to the plank road, and thought it would be a waste of money to build it. But he came to Fayetteville with his wagon and produce, and drove on it some miles. When he got back to Chatham, our merchant friend asked him if he had seen the plank road? 'Yes,' he said, 'he had seen it.' 'Well, don't you think you can carry four times as much weight on it with your four horse team, as on a common road?' 'Oh, yes,' says he, 'it's first-rate; and it's a fact that when the wagon got to the end of the planks and struck the heavy dirt road, every horse stopped and looked round.'"

Value of Bone Dust.—In speaking of the value of bone dust as a manure, Professor Gray says, that "one bushel to a load of yard manure increases its value, as determined by experiment, one half." He estimates that it is "8 or 10 times as valuable as cow dung, and the quantity of salts is 66 times that contained in an equal quantity of that substance."

Feeding Stock.—Every farmer, if he has not already done so, should provide himself with one of Mott's Patent Boilers; the cost is moderate in …

[illegible]


## Advertisements.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

[illegible]

TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

DR. SWAYNE'S

COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR

CONSUMPTION.

[illegible]

… SWAYNE'S PRINCIPAL OFFICE, N. W. corner of 8TH and RACE STS., PHILADA.

STORRS' CHEMICAL

HAIR INVIGORATOR.

THE testimonials we are continually receiving are incontestible evidence that Storrs' Chemical Hair Invigorator is one of the best articles now before the public for restoring the hair in cases of baldness, or where it is *falling out or become thin*, and removing *Scurf or Dandruff*. The following are a few Facts:

*Mr. Storrs*:—Sir—I have used your CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR for the purpose of removing dandruff from my head, and it has never failed.

Sam'l Sorell, No. 10 Wallace street.

Mr. Beere, of Beverly, has used Storrs' Hair Invigorator for the restoration of his hair, and it has produced a fine growth of new hair.

*Mr. Storrs*:—Sir—Your Chemical Hair Invigorator is the best article I ever used for dressing the hair, and giving it a bright, glossy appearance, without the greasiness attending the use of oils, &c.

A. J. Hirschberger, No. 264 N. Thirteenth street.

Mr. P. Emrick, 301 North Front street, has used Storrs' Chemical Hair Invigorator in his family in two cases, when the hair was falling off, with every probability of premature baldness. It was successful in both instances—a strong, healthy crop of hair filling the place of that which had fallen off.

Mr. Hewitt, South Sixth street, says the top of his head was entirely bald, he had used various preparations to no good effect. …

[illegible]


## Pictures …

EVELYN …

A COUNTRY …

[illegible]